

MRS. RAYMOND'S
ANNUAL

CONCERT

IN

Music Hall, London, Ont.

ON

5th

Wednesday, Ev'g, Dec. 8, 1869.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30. CONCERT TO COMMENCE AT 8.

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6

Mrs. Raymond's Concert.

PART I.

"Caprice Hongrois." (*Octave Etude.*)

Duet—Two Pianos.

Kettere.

MRS. RAYMOND & MR. HYTTENRAUCH.

Duet.

Moonlight on the Rhine.

Neuland.

MRS. DE LA HOOKE AND MR. MARSHALL.

COME, O come! night winds are wooing
Softly the vineyards on the shore;
Come, let's glide mid rock and ruin
To the music of the oar!
Luna's smile each charm enhances,
Turning all to silver bright,
That she touches with her glances,
Or her fingers tip of light.
O, she with that magic wand
Makes all round us fairy-land!
See how fair, how wondrous fair
In her beam the waters shine!
Moonlight's lovely ev'rywhere,
But loveliest on the Rhine!

Night-flowers elfin crowns are wreathing,
 And the heart's a night-flow'r too,
 All its sweetest feelings breathing
 When the day-light bids adieu.
 Dreamily the earth's reclining,
 Bath'd in moonshine, bath'd in bliss;
 But a dearer spell is twining,
 Round our souls in hours like this,
 And another magic wand
 Turns all there to fairy land!
 Love's sweet spirit's in the air.
 Filling, thrilling thine and mine!
 Love is heavenly ev'rywhere,
 But heavenliest on the Rhine!

Song. "As I View these Scenes so Charming."

Somnambula.

MR W. C. FURNESS.

AS I view these scenes so charming,
 With dear remembrance, my heart is warming,
 Of days long vanish'd—O, my heart is fill'd with pain,
 Finding objects that still remain,
 While those days come not again.

Maid, those bright eyes, my heart impressing,
 Fill my breast with thoughts distressing,
 By recalling an earthly blessing,
 Long since dead—and pass'd away;
 She was like thee, ere death, oppressing,
 Sank her beauties in decay.
 Ah, gentle maiden! Ah, what strong resemblance!

Duet.

"I Leave thee, Mine Own."

Balfé.

MRS. S. BLACKBURN AND MR. J. MARSHALL.

Tenor.

I LEAVE thee, mine own, and the light fades around me,
 The light of thy presence, thy bright sunny smiles;
 I leave thee, and soon, ah! too soon will divide us,
 The broad flowing sea, with its fathomless miles.

Soprano.

Fair be thy sky for thy voyage beloved,
 Tranquil the waves, smooth and placid the sea,
 Hope shall sustain me, till dawns the bright morning,
 Till blows the sweet gale shall restore thee to me.

Duet.

Yes, in the distance, shining to cheer,
 Hope's star of promise, beams soft and clear,
 Oh! may its radiance o'er the salt foam,
 Soon brightly gleaming, light the path home.

Solo.

Etudes de Concert. Hensell & Steibelt.

MISS CLINTON.

Song.

"The Sea."

Neukomm.

MR. J. K. CLARE.

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.
 I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
 I am where I would ever be,

With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide;
 When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft its tempest tune;
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'-west blast doth blow,
 I never was on the dull tame shore,
 But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she was, and is, to me,
 For I was born on the open Sea!

Song.

"O Fair Dove."

A. Sullivan.

MISS HATTON.

METHOUGHT the stars were shining bright,
 And the old brig's sails unfurl'd;
 I said, "I will sail to my love this night,
 At the other side of the world."
 I stepp'd aboard—we sail'd so fast—
 The sun shot up from the bourne,
 But a dove that perch'd upon the mast,
 Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.
 O fair dove! O fond dove!
 And dove with the white breast!
 Let me alone, the dream is my own,
 And my heart is full of rest.
 My true love fares on this great hill,
 Feeding his sheep for aye;
 I look'd in his hut, but all was still,
 My love was gone away.

I went to gaze in the forest creek,
 And the dove mourn'd on apace;
 No flame did flash, nor fair blue rock,
 Rose up to show me his place.
 O last love! O first love!
 My love with the true heart!
 To think I have come to this, your home,
 And yet we are apart!

 My love, he stood at my right hand,
 His eyes were grave and sweet;
 Methought he said, "in this far land,
 O is it thus we meet?"
 Ah! maid most dear, I am not here,
 I have no place—no part—
 No dwelling more by sea or shore,
 But only in thy heart!
 O fair dove! O fond dove!
 Till night rose over the bourne,
 The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast,
 Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn!

"Veriornes Gluck."

Solo—Clarinet.

C₁₂.

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

Laughing Trio. "Vadasi via di Qua,"

Martini.

MESSRS. SIPPI, MARSHALL AND FURNESS.

DON'T tickle me, I pray,
 Come, let me alone, I say;
 You'll make me laugh that way.
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! &c.

PART II.

"March Triumphant."

Duet—Two Pianos.

Goria.

MISSSES HATTON AND CLINTON.

"The Cocker and the Bird."

Song.

Guglielmo.

MRS. S. BLACKBURN.

Oh! sing, sing on sweetly to cheer me,
 Bird, thy music solace will bring,
 Thou wilt not fly—why shouldst thou fear me,
 Sing of love—of love only sing.
 Those honied notes of thine thro' me are thrilling;
 This heart long desponding, with pleasure filling,
 Oh! sing, sing on, sweetly to cheer me;
 Sing of love—of love only sing.
 Ah! songster, pity me! Why can I never
 Sing a song—of rapture like thee!

Oh! sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me,
 Bird with visions glittering and vain;
 Vain flatt'ring hopes; Oh! do not leave me—
 Sing of love—of love only sing.
 Soon from my dreams shall I waken to sorrow—
 To-day give me rapture—I'll sleep to-morrow.
 Oh! sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me,
 Sing of love—of love only sing;
 Ah! songster, pity me! why can I never
 Sing a song—of rapture like thee?

Song.

"My Queen."

Blumenthal.

DR. A. SIPPL.

HERE and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but it will come some day.
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlets sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I would honour—
She that I wait for, my Queen, my Queen.

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairly light;
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does it will sure be right.
And she may be humble, and proud, my Lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my Queen, my Queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit that maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above;
And I'll give my heart to my Lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!

Song.

"To Anthra."

J. L. Hatton.

MISS HATTON.

BID me to live and I will live,
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free,
 As in the whole world thou canst find—
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay,
 To honor thy decree,
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.
 Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see,
 And having none, yet I will keep,
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree,
 Or bid me die, and I will dare,
 E'en death to die for thee.
 Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me,
 And hast command of ev'ry part
 To live or die for thee.

Song. "Last Words of Marmion,"

Dr. J. Clarke.

MR. J. MARSHALL.

THE war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thund'ring, swell'd the gale,
 And "Stanley!" was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fir'd his glazing eye,
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!"
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

Solo—Clarionet.

"Aria."

Muller

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

Song.

"The Flower of Ellerslie."

G. H. Rodwell.

MRS. E. DE LA HOOKE.

§ HE'S sportive as the zephyr
That sips of every sweet,
She's fairer than the fairest lilly
In Nature's soft retreat.
Her eyes are like the crystal brook,
As bright and clear to see;
Her lips outshine the scarlet flow'r,
The bonnie Ellerslie!

O! were my love a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom
And wear her near my heart.
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
So beautiful to see,
Which far outshine the scarlet flow'r,
Of bonnie Ellerslie!

O! were I king of Scotland's throne,
And a' the world besides;
Right glad I'd gie them a' to hae
That lovely maid my bride.
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
So beautiful to see,
Which far outshine the scarlet flow'r,
Of bonnie Ellerslie!

Song.

"Will-o'-the-Wisp."

J. W. Cherry.

MR. W. C. FURNESS.

WHEN night's dark mantle has covered all,
 I come in fire array'd,
 Many a victim I've seen fall
 Or fly from me dismay'd.
 "Will-o'-the-Wisp," they trembling cry;
 Will-o'-the-Wisp, 'tis he!
 To mark their fright as off they fly
 Is merry sport for me.
 I dance, I dance—I'm here, I'm there,
 Who tries to catch me, catches but air;
 The mortal who follows me, follows in vain—
 For I laugh, ha! ha! I laugh, ho! ho!
 I laugh at their folly and pain.

Many a traveller I deceive,
 And with their parting breath,
 I hear them call in vain for help,
 And dance round them in death,
 "Will-o'-the-Wisp," they trembling cry,
 Will-o'-the-Wisp, 'tis he!
 To mark their shriek, as they sink and die
 Is merry sport for me.
 I dance, I dance—I'm here, I'm there,
 Who tries to catch me, catches but air;
 The mortal who follows me, follows in vain,
 For I laugh, ha! ha! I laugh, ho! ho!
 I laugh at their folly and pain.

Chorus. Gipsy Chorus in "Preciosa."

Weber.

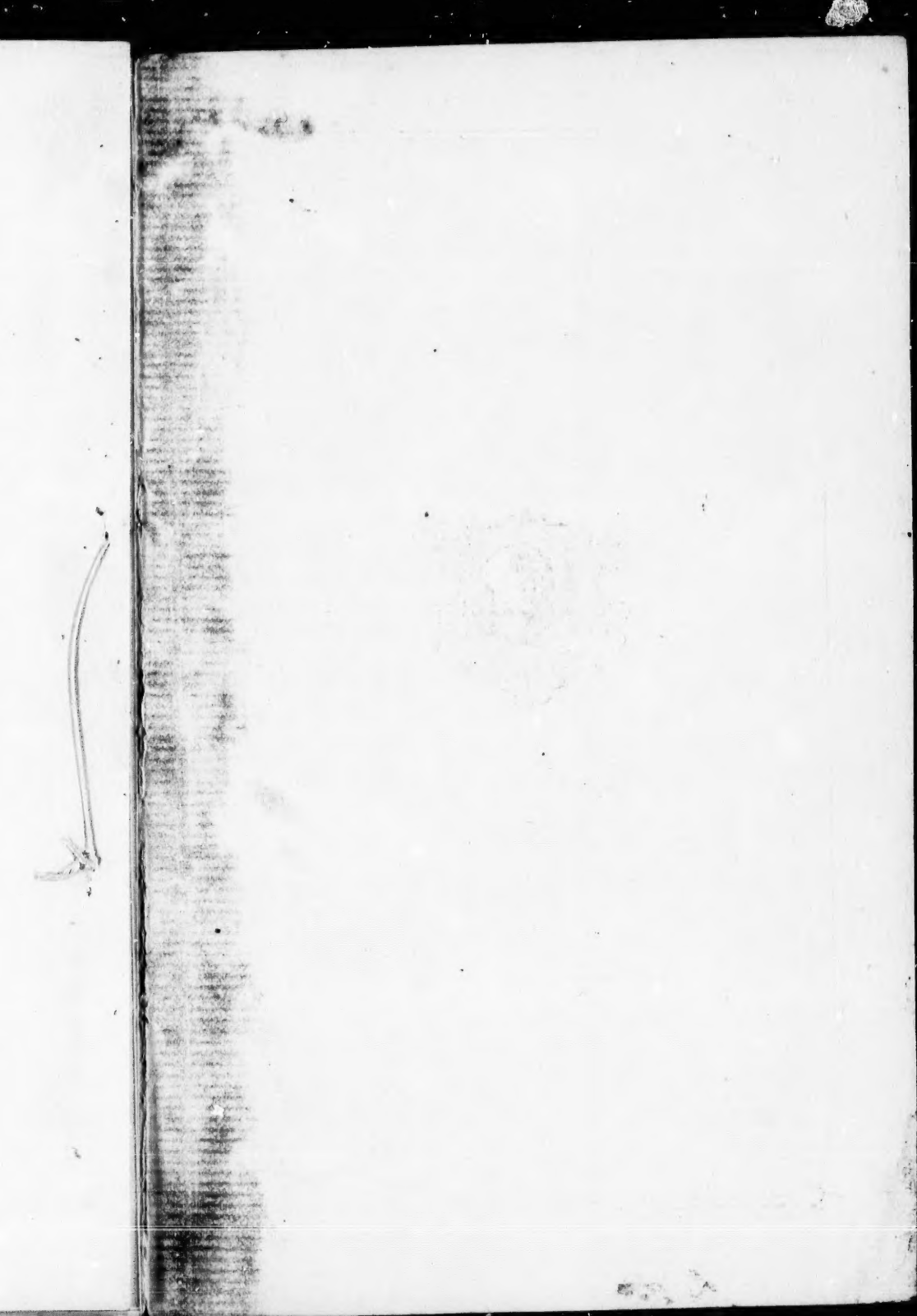
THE stars that above us are shining
 No longer the Gipseey can aid,
 For lost is her skill at divining,
 Her spell is no longer obey'd.
 To you in her turn now appealing,
 She fain would her destiny know—
 O, say, then, are clouds o'er it stealing,
 Or does it with happiness glow?
 O give her your hands and your voices,
 And send her delighted away,
 No guerdon her bosom rejoices,
 Like that which your plaudits can pay!
 The gay tide of life gently flowing,
 Then blithely shall bear her along;
 And Love, this fair garland bestowing,
 Be welcom'd with dance and with song!

Solo and Chorus. God Save the Queen.

GOD save our gracious Queen,
 Long may Victoria reign—
 God save the Queen.
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign o'er us,
 God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may she reign!
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen.







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